

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write  
My harts deepe languor, and my soules sad teares:  
Let my teares stanch the earths drie appetite,  
My sonnes sweet blood will make it shame and blush:  
O earth, I will befriend thee more with raine  
That shall distill from these two antient ruines,  
Than youthfull Aprill shall with all his showres,  
In Sommers drought, Ile drop vpon thee still,  
In Winter with warme teares Ile melt the snow,  
And keepe eternall spring time on thy face,  
So thou refuse to drinke my deere sonnes blood.

*Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawne.*

Oh reuerent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men  
Vnbinde my sonnes, reuerse the doome of death,  
And let me say, (that neuer wept before)  
My teares are now preuailing Oratours.

*Lucius.* Oh noble Father, you lament in vaine,  
The Tribunes heare you not, no man is by,  
And you recount your sorrowes to a stone.

*Titus.* Ah *Lucius*, for thy brothers let me plead,  
Graue Tribunes, once more I intreate of you.

*Lucius.* My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speak.

*Titus.* Why tis no matter man, if they did heare  
They would not marke me, or if they did marke,  
They would not pittie me, yet pleade I must,  
And bootlesse vnto them.

Therefore I tell my sorrowes to the stones,  
Who though they cannot answere my distresse,  
Yet in some sort they are better then the Trybunes,  
For that they will not intercept my tale:  
When I doe weepe, they humble at my feete  
Receiue my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,  
And were they but attired in graue weedes,  
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these:

*of Titus Andronicus.*

A stone is soft as waxe, *Tribunes* more hard than stones:  
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,  
And *Tribunes* with their tongues doome men to death.  
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawne?

*Lucius.* To rescue my two brothers from their death,  
For which attempt the Iudges haue pronounst,  
My euerlasting doome of banishment.

*Titus.* O happy man, they haue befriended thee:  
Why foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceauce  
That Rome is but a vildernes of Tygers?  
Tygers must pray, and Rome affords no pray  
But me and mine, how happy art thou then,  
From these deuourers to be banished.

But who comes with our brother *Marcus* heere?

*Enter Marcus with Lavinia.*

*Marcus.* *Titus*, prepare thy aged eyes to weepe,  
Or if not so, thy noble hart to breake:  
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

*Titus.* Will it consume me? Let me see it then.

*Marcus.* This was thy Daughter.

*Titus.* Why *Marcus* so she is.

*Lucius.* Aye me, this Obiect kills me.

*Titus.* Faint-harted-boy, arise and looke vpon her,  
Speake *Lavinia*, what accursed hand,  
Hath made thee handlelesse in thy Fathers fight?  
What foole hath added water to the Sea?  
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?  
My griefe was at the height before thou camst,  
And now like *Nylus* it disdaineth bounds.  
Giue me a sword, ile chop off my hands too,  
For they haue fought for Rome, and all in vaine:  
And they haue nurst this woe, in feeding life:  
In bootlesse prayer haue they beene held vp,  
And they haue seru'd me to effectlesse vse.

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